O, and you will have me live, play hearts eaſe.
Fid. Why hearts eaſe?
Pet. O Muſitians, becauſe my heart it ſelfe playes, my heart is full of woe.
O play me ſome merry dump to comfort me.
Min. Not a dump we, 'tis no time to play now.
Pet. You will not then?
Min. No.
Pet. I will then give it you ſoundly.
Min. What will you give us?
Pet. No mony on my faith, but the gleeke.
I will give you the Minſtrell.
Min. Then will I give you the ſerving creature.
Pet. Then will I lay the ſerving creatures dagger on your pate.
I will carry no Crochets, Ile Re you, Ile Fa you:
Doe you note me?
Min. And you Re us and Fa us, you note us.
2. *M.* Pray you put up your dagger, and put out your wit.
Pet. Then have at you with my wit.
I will dry beat you with an iron wit, and put up my iron dagger:
Anſwer me like men.
When griping griefes the heart doth wound, then muſicke with her ſilver ſound.
Why ſilver ſound? why muſicke with her ſilver ſound? what ſay you Simon Catling?
Min. Marry ſir, becauſe ſilver hath a ſweet ſound.
Pet. Pratee, what ſay you Hugh Rebicke?
2. *M.* I ſay ſilver ſound, becauſe Muſitians ſound for ſilver.
Pet. Pratee too: what ſay you James ſound poſt?
3. *M.* Faith I know not what to ſay.
Pet. O I cry you mercy, you are the Singer,
I will ſay for you: it is muſicke with her ſilver ſound,
Becauſe Muſitians have no gold for ſounding:
Then Muſicke with her ſilver ſound with ſpeedy helpe doth lend redreſſe.

Exit.
Min.

Min. What a peſtilent Knave is this?
M. 2. Hang him Jacke, come wee'll in here, tarrie for the Mourners, and ſtay dinner.

Exeunt.

Enter Romeo.

Rom. If I may truſt the flattering truth of ſleepe,
My dreames preſage ſome joyfull newes at hand,
My boſomes Lord ſits lightly on his throne,
And all this day an unaccuſtom'd ſpirit
Lifts me above the ground with cheerfull thoughts.
I dreamt my Lady came and found me dead,
Strange dreams that give a dead man leave to think,
And breath'd ſuch life with kiſſes in my lips,
That I reviv'd and was an Emperour.
Ah me, how ſweet is love it ſelfe poſſeſt,
When but loves ſhadowes are ſo rich in joy.

Enter Romeo's *man* Balthazer.

Newes from *Verona*? how now *Balthazer*?
Doſt thou not bring me letters from the Frier?
How doth my Lady? is my father well?
How doth my Lady *Juliet*? that I aske againe,
For nothing can be ill if ſhe be well.
Man. Then ſhe is well, and nothing can be ill,
Her body ſleeps in *Capels* monument,
And her immortall part with Angels lives.
I ſaw her laid low in her kindreds vault,
And preſently tooke poſte to tell it you:
O pardon me for bringing theſe ill newes,
Since you did leave it for my office ſir.
Rom. Is it even ſo? then I deny you ſtarres.
Thou know'ſt my lodging, get me inke and paper,
And hire poſt horſes, I will hence to night.
Man. I doe beſeech you ſir have patience,
Your lookes are pale and wilde, and doe import
Some miſadventure.
Rom. Tuſh, thou art deceiv'd;
Leave me, and doe the thing I bid thee doe.

Haſt